

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS
ON THE

D E A T H

OF

J O H A N N E S,

Who was shot by his Friend, July 12, 1789.

LIKEWISE ON THE

TRIUMPHANT DEATH

OF

J O S E P H U S,

Aged EIGHTEEN Years.

By E L I Z A. K

In Death's uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is Death uncertain? therefore be thou fixt;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.

L O N D O N:

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SERIOUS
REFLECTIONS, &c.

MY penfive Muse has chose a mournful theme;
No airy shadow, nor delusive dream :
Fair truth alone my subjects all indite :
Fair truth be ever present when I write !
But, how shall I my mournful tale unfold !
Here nature shudders, and my blood runs cold !
But, may that power, who only can ordain
Some sure advantage from excessive pain ;

In tender pity send his kind relief,
 To sooth the mourners overwhelm'd with grief!

This tragic tale my feeble pen employs,
 To tell of blasted hopes, and wither'd joys :
 Here let the inexperienc'd youth beware,
 So flush'd with hope, they can't admit a care,
 That oft they fall in the unguarded snare. }
 Their joys they see, in a prospective view ;
 And every day they hope to prove them true :
 Should some one whisper softly in their ear : }
 ' In thy rich prospect there is room to fear :'
 Ill tim'd perhaps to such it might appear. }

Perhaps Eliza might have thought it so,
 Not once suspecting this sad scene of woe !
 The blooming bridegroom, and the modest fair,
 Might justly hope some future bliss to share :

The virtuous maid, possesst of virgin truth,
 Had no suspicion of the faithless youth :
 But ah ! too soon, alas ! she proves it true :
 And sad the prospect, that she had in view !
 And the sad prospect has a fatal end ;
 But grief awhile in silence I suspend :
 And turn my thoughts tow' rds yonder blisful plain,
 Where joys unmixt with grief for ever reign.
 Here may Eliza heav'n-ward turn her eyes,
 And seek her interest in immortal joys ;
 The crown unfading, and the heavenly prize !
 From thy sad loss reap this eternal gain ;
 Since hopes immortal still for thee remain.
 O keep these blessings ever in thy view ;
 And with the ardour of thy soul pursue !
 But still my muse, with sympathetic woe,
 Would mix her sorrows with my friend below :

Yes, sympathy of heart hath sighs and tears ;

And pure affection many hopes and fears.

While supplicating prayer the former join,

And intercession doth them all combine ;

What powerful intercession stands enroll'd,

Moses that man of God in days of old

Averts the threatened judgment, from on high

The Great Jehovah hears his servant's cry ;

And stays his judgment threaten'd from on high :

See how he spares a disobedient race,

While Moses prays, and falls upon his face !

Great Power ! thy judgments oft are here

display'd,

Which, when the royal Psalmist had survey'd,

And well consider'd, own'd himself afraid.

With trembling haste, and penitential tears,

To thee I fled, when overwhelm'd with fears :

I fear'd

I fear'd thy vengeance, and uplifted hand,
 And fought to know my Maker's dread command :
 His mercy fought, with supplicating cries,
 I soon obtain'd from the propitious skies !
 That mercy, free to all, I would proclaim ;
 Redemption plenteous in the Saviour's name !

True fear of God, thou Guardian Angel fair !
 My feeble quill but faintly can declare :
 How blest are they, with whom thou dost abide !
 Thou sav'st from danger, and thou sav'st from pride :
 The sacred page pronounces he is blest,
 Who this pure fear retains within his breast :
 Thou choice companion, and thou faithful friend,
 With me continue, till my life shall end !
 Had but Johannes fear'd thy sacred name,
 His passion ne'er had rose to such a flame.

Thy powerful grace all passion can subdue ;
 Thy mighty power can all things form anew :
 Poor mortals dream of bliss, while unrenew'd !

And long, in vain, a phantom have pursu'd.

Not the refin'd amusements of the age

This thirst of pleasure ever could assuage

Tho' men have trod, repeatedly, the round,

And new-invented pleasures still abound ;

Who dares affirm, he has the secret found ?

‘ A heav’n-born peace o’erflows my happy
 breast,

‘ No longer weary, I have found the rest ;

‘ My joys abound with happiness in store ;

‘ Contented now, I ask not heaven for more.’

Not earth born pleasures can such joys afford ;

No ye must be to happiness restor’d :

To

To pleasures fitting an immortal mind ;
 Which round the globe of earth ye ne'er can find :
 No, it must be transplanted from the skies,
 And thither must your soaring wishes rise,
 If ever ye obtain the glorious prize.

The wisest man that ever breath'd in air,
 That had of wisdom here the largest share ;
 Whose grandeur with resplendent brightness shone,
 He of all others was the favor'd one ;
 Whose wealth above all others did abound,
 Who was with regal pomp and honors crown'd,
 He made the search ; but ah ! he never found.

Tir'd, at the last, of all his vain pursuits,
 No more he ventures upon long disputes ;
 But in the sacred volume stands confess'd,
 Not out of God could *Solomon* be blest !

- Vain and vexatious all on earth I find,
- Weary and faint, and languid is my mind;
- Who seeks his pleasure here, is surely blind.
- Now, O my soul return thee to thy rest !
- The power that form'd, can only make me blest !

Here then let mortals seek their blifs below,
While they are travelling through this vale of woe.

Sometimes Jehovah's judgment speaks aloud,
To rouse the careless, and abase the proud :
The daring and rebellious he will awe,
And rise to vindicate his injur'd law.

Th'impetuous youth, who laughs at all restraints,
Oft fails before him, and his nature faints ;
High flush'd with pride, all danger scorns to fear,
Nor once suspects the angel Death is near.

So

So fell Johannes by a sudden stroke,

Whose daring sin his Maker did provoke;

Who rush'd impetuous like a pamper'd steed,

Where lustful passion did him captive lead :

Nor threaten'd danger fear'd, tho' warn'd be-
fore,

But fell a victim, and is now no more,

Whilst his sad fall his friends must now de-
plore.

Friendship, not founded upon love divine,

Hath oft been known to wither and decline :

Its true foundation this, whereon to rest,

In full perfections known among the blest.

Ah! had Invido this pure friendship known,

The fatal bullet ne'er from him had flown,

Nor gave the mortal wound, nor caus'd the
dying groan!

Canst

Canst thou reflect upon a brother slain,
 And feel no pity, feel no conscious pain?
 Be still, and conscience faithfully arraign.
 Oh hear its dictates ; it will ne'er deceive ;
 Hear, and its admonitions well receive :
 " It writes in leaves more durable than brass,"
 Thy thoughts, and words, and actions as they pass :
 And will again repeat them in thine ear,
 When list'ning worlds the long detail shall hear.
 Say, wilt thou then to meet thy friend rejoice ;
 And wilt thou claim, with confidence of voice,
 Thy rich reward, for what thy hands have wrought?
 Shocking, and impious, to admit the thought!
 But this remember, thou art still in time,
 And may kind heaven, for thy atrocious crime,
 Sorrow sincere, and penitence impart,
 Pardon thy murdering crime, and wash thine
 heart
 From this deep stain, and every other sin !
 O that thou might in penitence begin !

Before

Before the great Jehovah prostrate fall ;
 Implore his grace, and for his mercy call :
 And lest thine heart should be too much dismay'd,
 Remember, Jesus for his murderers pray'd.

Father of lights, wilt thou this grace bestow?
 I know thou canst such kind compassion shew ;
 Thy power can reach the most obdurate heart,
 And wound the sinner with the keenest smart ;
 Give him to feel the weight of all his sin,
 Then forth the fruits of true repentance bring ;
 By first forsaking all his evil ways,
 To thee devoting all his remnant days.
 But ah ! I feel my greatest task's behind,
 What shall I say to sooth Eliza's mind?
 The soothing comfort is not mine to give ;
 From heaven's high portals thou must this receive :
 Thy woe to such a wond'rous height is grown,
 That *Gilead's* balm must do the deed alone.

I can

I can but point to the Physician there,
 And tell thee of his love and tender care ;
 However great thy complicated woes,
 The perfect cure for each he fully knows.
 Here all thy cares, and griefs, and sorrows bring,
 From whatsoever different source they spring :
 Here is sufficient balm to heal thy grief,
 And only here thou canst find true relief.

This from experience I can now declare ;
 I've borne the weight of sorrow long and care :
 When lasting grief had fill'd my wounded breast,
 For heav'nly help I fought, and found my rest :
 And now whene'er the swelling billows rise,
 I seek my aid from the propitious skies :
 Not strange to me the chaft'ning hand of love,
 Which I receiv'd as coming from above ;
 And bow'd beneath my heavenly father's rod,
 And learn'd to fear, and serve, and love my God.

As

As having found, myself, a place of rest,

I wish my friend Eliza too were blest.

I'd thus to thee a kind relation prove,

And testifying, tell that God is love !

Long have I travell'd in this vale of tears,

And now am sinking in declining years :

Here is my hope, when heart and flesh shall fail ;

This is my passport through the darksome vale.

This power in death, as life, I hope to prove,

And with my latest breath proclaim, that God is
love.

Just Published by the same Author, Price 3d.

THOUGHTS occasioned by the
DEATH of MARIA, who departed
this Life, August 8, 1788: — Also on a
BELOVED FRIEND:—Likewise on visit-
ing EUSEBIA's TOMB.

THE
TRIUMPHANT DEATH
OF
J O S E P H U S,
Aged EIGHTEEN Years.

—What tho' short thy date ?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time which bears no fruit, deserves no name :
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

THE
TRUMPHANT DEATH

JOSEPHUS

AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS

—What didst thou do, Josephus?
I lived, not telling tales, the mind's mirror.
I lived, life is long, a high and wide life's great end.
The spirit which bears no fear, delivers no man.
The man of wisdom is the man of power.

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THE
TRIUMPHANT DEATH
OF
J O S E P H U S.

SAY ye, the lovely blooming youth is dead ?
I scarce believe, tho' the report is spread ;
Or is it, I'm unwilling to believe,
That I the mournful tidings can't receive ?
But 'tis confirm'd, I see it with my eyes,
Shut up the stately mansion ; pleasure flies ;
While sorrow seizes ev'ry feeling heart ;
Nor can I help with these to bear my part.
And sorrow for such worth, how justly due !
Alas ! such virtue's to be found in few !

In youth's gay bloom it makes it still more rare ;
 I knew and lov'd him for his virtue fair,
 And he hath been the subject of my prayer. }
 'Tis done ! and now, I adoration pay;
 The happy youth, to heaven has 'scap'd away.
 Around the village let the tidings spread ;
 The lov'd Josephus sleeps amongst the dead.
 Oh ! might it rouse the careless and supine ;
 Death's at the door, soon may the fate be thine.
 Oh ! might it reach J——s' stubborn heart,
 That he with all his sins at once might part, }
 Nor break his aged mother's tender heart.
 O ! how unlike the youth, whose worth I sing,
 Tho' once advanc'd to stand before the king,
 And in his presence sing his Maker's praise,
 Did he e'er hope to join seraphic lays.
 And can ~~J——~~ so his soul debase ?
 Hath he so much resisted heavenly grace ?

As

As with sad oaths, and curses to blaspheme ?

I'd say no more, but close the shocking scene.

But, oh ! a scene more awful is behind,

A dreadful day of judgment for mankind.

Repent, ~~repent~~; may thy heart relent !

Thy friend deceas'd calls on thee to repent ;

O might the silent language reach thine ear,

Might thou at last begin the Lord to fear !

O ! cast aside the evil of thy ways,

Tho' spent in sin, thy best, thy blooming days,

Yet still, perhaps, thou may'st repent, and live,

And if thou seek'st it, heaven the power may give.

Fidelio feels the stroke, and mourns his friend,

He has a tear to drop, a sigh to spend ;

His feeling breast can sympathize with those

Whose hearts are wounded with parental woes.

Disconsolate their sorrows ! but a power

Divine supports in this most trying hour.

That power can heal a mother's bleeding heart,

When with her only son she's call'd to part.

Her only son, her only comfort here :

For thee I feel, nor can I stop the tear,

I prize thy friendship, thou to me art dear.

In yon fair world we hope ere long to meet,

Which will our friendship and our bliss complete;

Then wipe the trickling sorrows from thine eyes,

By conquering faith now may my friend arise !

Come, view thy mansion fair, in yonder skies.

Be not discourag'd at the rugged way,

When safely landed in the realms of day,

That land of bliss shall compensate thy woe,

And all the sorrows thou hast felt below.

Thy lov'd Josephus on the ethereal plain,

With thy fair offspring* in the blissful train,

With heavenly rapture thou shalt meet again ;

* My friend had buried eight children before Josephus, who was the ninth, and last.

And meet no more to part, transporting thought !
 With consolation it is richly fraught.
 Then cease for one short moment to complain,
 And let prospective joy o'ercome the pain.

But as a trav'ler with some beauteous view
 Has ceas'd awhile his journey to pursue ;
 So, the bright prospect of eternal day,
 Has chac'd the sorrows from my mind away.
 But ah ! while in this vale of tears I dwell,
 I shall remember how Josephus fell :
 In blooming life cut down this fading flower,
 Cut down by him who's infinite in power.
 Just are his ways, and righteous his decree,
 While in submission mortals bow the knee.

Rous'd with this awful, providential blow,
 I want the thoughtless giddy tribe to know,
 The young and gay, who wanton in their prime,
 That pay no just regard to death or time.

! Josephus died in midst of blooming youth !

Wide spread the mournful, melancholy truth.

O let it spread, and reach the city's throng ;

The lov'd Josephus, virtuous and young,

He sleeps in death, sleeps in the silent tomb,

In early life he meets the fatal doom ;

Thus sets his morning sun before 'tis noon.

One single moment in reflection spend,

Then ask yourselves, have ye survey'd your end ?

Does busy action so engross the scene,

Ye can't thrust in one thought of death between ?

But, if the most important ye neglect,

If to a future state ye've no respect ;

How soon, alas ! this mortal state will end,

And then where will ye find an heavenly friend ?

That friend on high, now warns you from the

skies,

Accept my offer'd mercy, loudly cries,

Nor this your day of offer'd grace despise,

Reap

Reap this instruction from the silent grave,
And seek ye first the immortal part to save.

Wide spread the rumour to the courts of law,
Where liv'd Josephus, there his life ye saw ;
Sedate and manly, far above his years,
Preserv'd by grace, from sin, and guilty fears.
Ye know how much his nature was refin'd,
Say ye gay triflers, are ye of his mind ?
Dare ye confess, that the Great Power ye fear,
And that ye do his sacred laws revere ?
Dare ye acknowledge, that ye fear to sin,
And that ye hope eternal life to win ?
Ye blessed few, wherever ye reside,
Of you I'll glory, ye are England's pride.
Guard them, kind heaven, almighty God of love !
And bring them safe, to thy blest world above.
There my Josephus with his Saviour reigns,
Ranging with pleasure o'er the ethereal plains.

Alluring

Alluring pleasure tempted him in vain;

'To him to die, was everlasting gain.

The stately mansion finish'd so complete,
 A paradise on earth, his rural seat
 A sweet asylum, where he could retreat,
 Whene'er to thought or solitude inclin'd,
 On beauteous nature he might feast his mind,
 In rural walks, or in a shady bower
 Here he might spend the contemplative hour;
 While spicy odours oft perfum'd the air,
 When near the beauteous green-house ye repair;
 Where shrubs, and flowers, of variegated dye,
 Here feast with pleasure each beholder's eye.
 With these sweet odours might his praise arise,
 Ascend as incense, to the peaceful skies.
 Devotion pure, he here might safely pay
 At early dawn, or at the closing day.

But

But to return, tho' much he here possest,
 Earth had not gain'd possession of his breast ;
 Not a large fortune of unbounded wealth,
 Nor ease, nor grandeur, prime of strength and
 health,
 Nor yet Miriah's charms, could him detain,
 He leaves them all, without one parting pain ;
 His fortune, and his fair intended bride ;
 His faith these great temptations quite outride ;
 Nor pain nor pleasure doth his soul dismay,
 His happy spirit joyful soars away :
 Exults, and triumphs, in the prospect fair,
 But oh ! the scene seems more than I can bear.
 And while I thus recall it to my mind,
 Grief's soft emotion in my breast I find.
 Nor would I have the silent tear suppress,
 Nor the soft sigh that heaves my feeling breast ;
 But aid divine ! O ! aid me heavenly power !
 While simply I relate his dying hour.

Josephus tells his father, he must die,
 But with much sweetness makes this soft reply,
 "I to my better father go on high."

But who can wonder, if such mournful news
 A tender parent should at first refuse?
 Reminds the youth, how few his date of years,
 And bids him dissipate such gloomy fears:
 But years are not allotted all mankind,
 To a few moments some have been confin'd.
 But who of time just estimate hath made?
 What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid.
 But death impatient, seem'd to grasp his prey,
 And with gigantic strides he mark'd his way;
 And a few hours concludes the mortal scene,
 But view it gilded with a radiant beam.
 Angelic guards attend the dying youth,
 And his own words confirm the pleasing truth;
 With heavenly smiles he oft was heard to say,
 "I come, I'm coming, wait, I come away."

When

When nearly ended here his mortal race,
 His tender parents he doth then embrace;
 With rapture then he folds them in his arms,
 While duteous love his dying bosom warms.
 What Christian courage in the youth appears!
 Death hath no terrors, banish'd are his fears.
 'The faith I've kept, near finish'd all the fight.'
 This fill'd his soul with heav'nly, pure delight.
 But while confession to the youth is made,
 By one who from the paths of virtue stray'd,
 With simple truth he openly declares,
 'I've been preserv'd from such destructive snares;
 'Of grosser crimes, ne'er done, I can't repent,
 'In this respect I'm dying innocent.
 'I die in triumph,' this he smiling said,
 All heav'nly sweetness in his looks display'd,
 Nor is his soul at death the least dismay'd.
 Friends taste with him the wine at his desire,
 This parting sign he did of them require;

Then

Then takes his leave, and waves his hand around,

Thus is the dying saint with vict'ry crown'd.

But thus he spake to one then standing by,

' You soon will follow, tho' I first must die,

' You soon will follow,' he repeats the cry.

Then with much love he takes his mother's hand,

While grace, all conquering grace, has the com-
mand;

Then adds, ' for you I now can do no more,'

His duty and obedience near were o'er;

' I now must leave you to my father's care,

' And now to Heaven I make my dying prayer;

With sweet composure, and a silent mind,

Himself, his all, he up to Heaven resign'd :

Pity, to discompose so sweet a mind.

But while there's life, there's hope, it hath been
said,

And one more effort must, in love, be made;

But

But meekly thus the youth his mind exprest,

'No more is wanted,'—he was near his rest;

'No more I need,'—no Esculapian art,

He knew, could turn aside the fatal dart;

'But what my father wills, be done,' he cry'd,

He yields, and thus the good Josephus dy'd.

The scene he closes, with obedient love,

Thus goes Josephus to the realms above.

Farewel awhile, thou blest and happy faint,

'Gainst heaven's decree we utter no complaint;

Escap'd from sufferings, and ten thousand snares,

Thou wast the subject of ten thousand prayers;

They all are ended, heaven does all things right,

No pensive sorrow let the muse indite.

Praise, grateful praise, we now to heaven would pay,

And follow, where Josephus leads the way;

To heaven our few remaining moments spend,

Then hope, like him, to make a blissful end.

F I N I S.



